

Borrowing Trouble

Now the very worst things that might happen, you know.
Are the things that don't happen at all.
We didn't and worry, lamenting and
sorrow.
In the grasp of expectancy's thrill
Approachings forebodings enumber, our
souls.
Depression weighs down like a pall,
As we wear a long face with a very poor
grace.
And then nothing happens at all.
When we prophesy storms it is sure to
clear off.
When our money's gone, something
comes in.
And the thoughts of those bills which
have given us chills.
Every month shouldn't make us grow
tired.

For they fly down the past like the leaves
on the blast.
We settle up somehow, and why
Do we bother and fret over what we for-
got?
Before many days have passed by?
We were not carried off by that terrible
cough.
And in fact, 'twasn't much, come to
think.
All our pains and our aches and our
dreadful mistakes.
Why, they too have slid over the brink
Of the gulf that forgets; yet we still
bring our hands.
Predicting some ruinous fall.
Approaching disaster we hail as our
master.
And then nothing happens at all.
Billett Walker, in Spare Moments.



Mount Holly, N. J.—Many a mother
has saved her child from death. Here
is a child who has saved her mother
from death—death under the grinding
wheels of a locomotive tearing along
the rails at 60 miles an hour.

The child is 12-year-old Katie John-
son; the mother, Mrs. William John-
son. If it hadn't been for little Katie
Mrs. Johnson would be in her grave
now and Katie a motherless little
schoolgirl. But Katie kept her wits
where another child might have lost
them.

The train was the five o'clock mail
from Philadelphia. It was behind
time. The engineer was trying to
catch up to his schedule, so he pulled
the throttle out to the last notch. He
took a chance on the curve near this
city and was about to take the bridge
at top speed when he was horrified to
see a little girl standing on the tracks,
not 200 yards away.

She was tearing along toward the
oncoming train, waving something. It
was red. The engineer knew.

Stopped Just in Time.
He threw over the throttle and the
engineer jammed down the brakes—the child's
signal meant danger. The heavy train
came to a stop with such a shock that
all the passengers were thrown from
their seats in the coaches. The pilot
of the locomotive wasn't 20 feet from
the little girl when the wheels stopped
grinding along the rails.

"What's the matter?" cried the en-
gineer, jumping down from his seat
in the cab, followed by his fireman.

The passengers piled out, too, curi-
ous to know. There in front of them
stood a little girl, waving her red muf-
fler still, right in the path of the giant
locomotive that would have ground
her to pieces had it gone two rods fur-
ther.

"Quick, come quick!" she cried, for
answer.

Then she started to run back over
the tracks, followed by the train crew
and scores of the passengers. When
they got to the bridge they knew what
the matter was.

Woman Caught Between Ties.
There on the bridge, which the train
would have crossed in five seconds
more, they found a woman, badly hurt.
She had tried to walk across the
bridge and had slipped, falling be-
tween the ties. There she was tightly
wedged. Her head and shoulders
protruded above the ties. Any loco-
motive that crossed would have de-
capitated her instantly. And she was
so tightly stuck in between the ties
that had any train passed over, there
would have been no chance for escape.

It was Katie's mother.

"I fell," she gasped, "while Katie
and I were crossing the bridge on the
way to town. I was caught fast."

Gently the train hands and some of
the passengers pulled Mrs. Johnson
out of her perilous position. Then they
found that her left leg had been frac-
tured. She never could have helped
herself; she would have been killed
instantly.

Katie Not Excited.
The women passengers turned to lit-
tle Katie, who didn't seem to think
she had done anything out of the ordi-
nary. There she was, standing on
the bridge trying to comfort her moth-
er, who was suffering intense pain
from her broken leg. The women cov-
ered her with kisses, which Katie
didn't seem to relish, because she was
excited over seeing that somebody
would get a carriage to take her moth-
er home.

The carriage was called and injured
Mrs. Johnson was taken home, glad
that she had suffered only a broken
leg.

But after they got back to the cars
the train hands began to tell stories
of old railway men who had forgotten
to wave anything red when to do it
meant saving lives.

Katie is a slight child with flaxen
hair, cold steady blue eyes, and clear
waxen pink complexion. She has
about her an air of one who thinks
and acts quickly and with fearless
resolution.

How Accident Occurred.
"We all had been to Philadelphia
that day," said Mrs. Johnson. "I had
with me a little four-year-old boy,
Herbert Durand, and Katie. When we
got back to Mount Holly I was pretty
tired and thought I would walk home
the shortest way. This led me over
the bridge near the station. The children
were ahead of me but a short distance,
and were getting over the bridge nicely.
We walked on a plank that runs
across the middle of the bridge. I was
about half way across, I think, when
my foot slipped off this plank and
caused me to fall, knocking down lit-
tle Herbert, and nearly rolling him
into the creek. After I had put him on
his feet I started to get up, and in
doing so made a misstep that plunged
both my feet and then my body be-
tween two ties, until only my head
and shoulders were above the bridge.

"I saved myself from dropping into
the creek below by spreading out my
arms when I felt myself going down.

Child Thought Quickly.
"I screamed as I fell and this at-
tracted the attention of Katie, who
was a little distance ahead of me. She
came running back and taking hold
of one arm tried to help me up, but
I could not lift myself enough to get
out. While I was thinking what to
do, whether I should drop into the
creek below or try some other means
of getting loose, I found Katie had left
me and started for the station for help.

"She had gone but a few steps when
I heard a whistle, and saw Katie,
white as a sheet, with big tears in her
eyes, give one look at me and then
turn about and fairly fly across the
bridge up the track toward the train
that was just visible around a curve.

"I could not understand what Katie
intended to do to help me, but some-
how I had absolute confidence that the
child would save my life.

The Mother's Agony.
"Hardly had she gone off the bridge
than she snatched from her neck a red
muffler that she wore and waved it
frantically at the engineer, at the
same time planting herself in the mid-
dle of the track, apparently with the
belief that if the flag did not stop the
engine she would. When I saw this
I looked at the engine for an instant,
and not being able to see that the
train was slowing down my blood
turned hot and cold by turns, and I
shut my eyes, determined that I
would not move, for I knew that if the
engine ran past Katie and her sig-
nal it meant that death had come to
her, and might just as well come to
me.

"In that moment I lived over a good
many years, before I realized that
the train had stopped and I was being
lifted from danger.

"I remember thinking of an acci-
dent which I saw several years ago
on this very bridge, when an old man
was killed there by a fast train. I re-

membered that his heart had failed
right near where I was standing, and
that as I looked at it I could see it
beat two or three times. The mem-
ory of this night came flashing over
me as I waited for the train, and I
think for a moment I must have
fainted.

Realized Child's Bravery.
"I did not open my eyes until I
heard Katie's voice at my side and
felt the strong arms of the trainmen
lifting me and carrying me to the
station. And there I wept, I guess
hysterically, for I then realized just
how brave the child's act was, for
I knew that when Katie started up the
track waving the muffler she never
intended to get off the track until she
had stopped the train."

All that Katie would say about her
part in averting a tragedy was:

"You see, the engine had to stop, for
I had a red signal. You know that
always stops a train, and I
waved it at the engineer because
I didn't know anything else to
do to make him stop. I couldn't
lift mother out and so I just had to
stop the train. I don't think there is
anything funny in that."

"No, I wasn't afraid. What should
I be afraid of? Didn't I have the red
muffler? Don't trains always stop
when the man at the flaghouse waves
a red flag? Well, then, what should
I be afraid of?"

That's the kind of a girl Katie is.
She knew no fear. She had absolute
confidence that the red flag controlled
the motion of the wheels of the pon-
derous "iron horse" and made her
mother's life perfectly safe.

EFFECT OF WOMEN VOTING.

British Writer Tells of Conditions in
New Zealand.

"New Zealand was the first British
colony to adopt women's suffrage—
as far back as 1893," says a writer in
the London Chronicle. "The New
Zealand woman was given universal
adult suffrage. Though she had not
sought it, she immediately used it.
Out of 110,000 women 109,000 had
placed themselves on the register in
a few months, and 90,000 voted in the
general election of November, 1893.
They voted peacefully and in order
during the day while the men were
at work, and left the booths to the
men in the evening. They have voted
with similar regularity and orderli-
ness ever since. How do the women
use their powers? Very calmly, by
all accounts. Roughly, women make
very much the same use of the fran-
chise as do men. The result has not
produced either a new heaven or a
new hell. Men have not been de-
prived of their rights. There has
been no disorder or unseemly behav-
ior—no strange revolution in dress or
manners. Enfranchisement has led
neither to divided households nor di-
vided skirts. Families, as a mat-
ter of fact, generally vote on the
same side. But on the other hand,
there is a general agreement that fam-
ily life has become brighter, that hus-
bands and wives have more subjects
in common to talk about, and that
women are really settling themselves
to study and watch public affairs.

"The effects, in fact, have been rather
social than political. Women seem
to be treated with more real respect
—and not merely at election times.
There has arisen between the sexes
that sense of equality which is per-
haps the only permanent and enduring
social basis. Speaking generally, they
have simply become citizens, whose
part in public affairs is not sharply
distinguished from that of men. New
Zealand women have simply stepped
into equality. And 14 years of polit-
ical life have shown them equal to
that equality. Working side by side
with man, woman still keeps her
place—not like to like, but like in
difference."

"The word pictures of which colo-
nialists used to have so many given them
of domestic discord, of children for-
gotten, husbands uncared for, dinners
uncooked, dress and appearances neg-
lected—have already almost passed
from memory. It is the commonest
sight to see husband, wife and grown-
up children walking or driving cheer-
fully to the polls together. The head
of the family has become a more im-
portant factor in politics than of
old."

The Horse Doctor.
Little Mattie flew into the house
last evening very late for nursery
tea, and hurried to her mother's chair.
"Oh, mother," she cried, "don't scold
me, for I've had such a disappoint-
ment! A horse fell down in the
street and they said they were going
to send for a horse doctor, so of
course I had to stay. And after I
waited and waited he came, and oh
mother, what do you think, it was
only a man!"—Harpers.

Children Should Eat Fat.

Fat is essential to the proper growth
of the tissues of the nerves and brain,
and is peculiarly important to chil-
dren, as the brain enlarges rapidly dur-
ing childhood. Next to butter and
cream, bacon is one of the most pal-
atable forms in which it can be given.
It should not be overcooked, as then
too much of the fat is fried out.
Sometimes bread soaked in bacon fat
will be eaten with relish.

Ventilation by Columns.

Ventilation through iron columns is
an interesting feature of a mill at
Preston, England. Air is drawn in at
ground level, forced by fans through a
water spray, heated by coils in the
usual way and then distributed from
subducts below the basement level to
the different rooms, the iron columns
having registers near their tops. Flues
in the walls provide for the escape of
air from these rooms.

World's Fair & for IRELAND



GENERAL VIEW OF BUILDINGS FROM ROOF OF
MAIN ENTRANCE

Old Mother Earth is seeing things
these days, for whichever way she
may turn her eyes must fall upon
some national or international exhi-
bition. Japan has her great exposition
at Tokio in full swing, the 1st of April
saw the formal opening of the James-
town exposition in this country, and
during the summer there is to open at
Dublin, Ireland, an international exhi-
bition. Shortly after the close of the
Cork exhibition, five years ago, a meet-
ing of the then newly formed Irish
Industrial conference was called for
the purpose of establishing an insti-
tute of Commerce for Ireland and of
initiating a movement for the holding
of an international exhibition in Dub-
lin. It was a very remarkable meet-
ing, and the assembling for a common
cause of men of all classes, creeds and
politics showed the earnestness of the
new movement to establish Ireland as
a new factor in the industrial world.

The meeting showed that the nation-
alist spirit for which the Gaelic league
and other forces have been working
was about to bear fruit. From all
parts of the island men of the greatest
influence sent communications show-
ing their desire to assist in the plan to
improve the industrial position of Ire-
land.

The appeal which has been made to
the Irish people has not been lost.
They have replied with surprising en-
ergy, and now almost every town has
its Industrial Development association,
and native prejudice against native in-
dustries has been obliterated. Irish
goods are being demanded, and Ireland
may be said to have awakened to a
realization that, with the necessary co-
operation on the part of her people,
she may successfully bid for a share
of the world's trade.

There has been a well-defined indus-
trial revival, and it may be traced to
the Cork exhibition of 1902. At least,
the beginning of the revival coincided
with the opening of the exposition.
Since then the people have shown so
much enthusiasm in their home man-
ufactures that it is said they have freely
paid for native goods a greater price
than they would have had to pay for
similar goods of foreign manufacture.
Already the Cork woollens have driven
the English and Scotch wools out of
the south of Ireland. Derry supplies
nearly the whole British empire with
shirts; Limerick has flour mills which
are said to excel American in quality
of product and in improved machinery;
Belfast for centuries has made the
linens for the world, and now new in-
dustries are being created and fostered
with every show of ultimate suc-
cess.

Lady Aberdeen, the vicereine, started
the Irish lace depot, which has given
new impetus to the lace industries of
Limerick and Carrickmacross. A co-
operative creamery has been founded
by a duchess, and a countless foster-
ing the homespun tweed industry on
her estate. Lady Aberdeen's lace de-
pot, since its establishment, has sold
\$1,500,000 worth of lace, and has been
useful in reclaiming a native industry
which had been declining.

Belfast, notwithstanding its antiqui-
ty, is, in the industrial sense, the most
modern city in Ireland. It is the
busiest municipality in that country.
Its great shipyards employ 10,000
hands; its linen manufactures have a
trade of more than \$10,000,000 a year;
its tobacco trade pays \$1,000,000 in
duties each year, and its distilleries
are famous. Limerick supports three
large bacon-curing concerns, and lately
has entered the new business of man-
ufacturing dried milk, which, we are
told, will be the form in which the
milkman of the future will deliver his
supply. Cork, owing to its geographi-
cal position, is becoming a city of com-
mercial prominence.

Out of all this business activity the
first Irish international exhibition is
arising, as a very natural result of so
much mission work on the part of the
Gaelic league and the generally declin-
ing prejudice against the efficiency of
native industries. The exhibition will
be held in Herbert park, adjoining the
Irish horse show grounds, about a mile
and a half from the center of the city
of Dublin, in grounds which have a
total of about 52 acres. The greater
part of the site of the exhibition was
recently presented to the Pembroke
urban district council by the earl of
Pembroke, in commemoration of the
coming of age of his son, Lord Her-
bert. At the close of the exposition
Herbert park is to be dedicated as a
park and recreation ground.

According to the prospectus, the
scope of the exhibition will be Irish
and international in the widest sense.
Exhibits will be classified under 13 sec-
tions, and many foreign countries have

promised their substantial support for
the project. "Not only will the arts,
industries and manufactures of Ireland
be specially provided for," says the
prospectus, "but there will be exhibits
of the manufactures, industries, re-
sources, machinery, science, art, arch-
aeology, etc., of all nations."

The objects of the exposition are
definitely stated to be "(1) to promote
the industries, art and science of Ire-
land by a display of the products for
which the country is famous, and of
the products of partially developed in-
dustries for which special facilities ex-
ist in the country; (2) to stimulate
commercial development and promote
industrial education by inviting all na-
tions to exhibit their products, both in
the raw and finished state."

"An exhibition such as is to be held,"
to quote once more, "will display the
many opportunities which exist in Ire-
land for the investment of capital. It
will place before the world her indus-
trial manufactures and products, will
show the remarkable progress they
have made in a few years, and what
further development they are capa-
ble of."

The exhibition buildings now near-
ing completion are of great extent, and
are more or less typical of exposition
structures seen elsewhere. The main
entrance will open into a Celtic court,
where will be placed some of the Irish
industrial exhibits. Directly opposite
the main entrance will be the main
building, consisting of a central octa-
gonal court, 215 feet in diameter, sur-
rounded by a corridor opening into
four radial wings, each 164 feet long
and 80 feet wide.

Over the center of the main building
rises an octagonal dome, 80 feet in di-
ameter and 150 feet in height. Grouped
around this central structure will be
pavilions for British foreign and col-
onial exhibits and the other exposition
buildings. Among the latter will be
the Palace of Fine Arts, in which will
be installed a collection of modern
paintings and sculpture, including work
of Irish artists. This building is de-
signed to be of real fireproof construc-
tion. Among other interesting build-
ings will be facsimiles of certain his-
toric structures which are of interest,
either from their archaeological or his-
torical associations.

The visitor to the exposition will
find Dublin one of the most beautiful
of Irish cities. It has a population of
about 400,000, has well-kept streets,
and buildings most attractive by rea-
son of their architectural beauty or
historical association. Thus the Bank
of Ireland, a classic structure, is the
old house of parliament, where the na-
tive legislators met until the act of
union a century ago.

Dublin Castle, where the government
offices are located, gives visitors the
impression of a jail. St. Patrick's
Cathedral has many interesting asso-
ciations, and those of literary tastes
will there seek out the burial place of
Dean Swift. Altogether, Dublin is a
city of imposing edifices, and govern-
ment buildings in no city of the same
size can excel in beauty those of the
Irish capital.

Fisherman's Strange Haul.

The man who landed a strangely
queer looking member of the finny
tribe thought he had caught a sea ser-
pent. He was fishing in Puget sound
and expected nothing quite so remark-
able as this creature, which has some-
thing the appearance of a sea horse
long drawn out.

When the fish was finally landed,
after a severe struggle, in which the
fisherman came near going to the bot-
tom of the sound, it was swung up to
an arm of a post and a snapshot
taken. The length of the fish is not
definitely known, for who ever gets
the truth about a fine catch like this?
But it is long enough to satisfy the
cravings of the most aspiring devotee
of rod and reel. It is considerably
more than the height of an average
man.

Sweetheart Cake 77 Years Old.

Col. Luther Raymond, the oldest
resident of Clarksburg, yesterday cele-
brated the ninety-eighth anniversary
of his birth. A feature of the birth-
day celebration was the exhibition of a
heart-shaped sweetcake presented to
him Christmas eve, 1829—more than
70 years ago—by Phoebe Robinson at
a ball at the Bartlett hotel, Clarks-
burg, with a written request that he
keep it forever. It is in quite a good
state of preservation, as is also the
paper accompanying it, and Miss Rob-
inson's written words are legible.—
Clarksburg Correspondence, Baltimore
Sun.

Great City's Derelicts.
A prominent clergyman at the head
of an East Side and Bowery mission
is authority for the statement that
the men who line up for free bread at
the distributing places around one
o'clock every morning—men who have
no place to lay their heads for a single
night's lodging—are nearly all
from the interior of the United States.
—Van Norden's Magazine.

SLEEP BROKEN BY ITCHING.

Eczema Covered Whole Body for a
Year—No Relief Until Cuticura
Remedies Prove a Success.

"For a year I have had what they
call eczema. I had an itching all over
my body, and when I would retire for
the night it would keep me awake half
the night, and the more I would
scratch, the more it would itch. I
tried all kinds of remedies, but could
get no relief.

"I used one cake of Cuticura Soap,
one box of Cuticura, and two vials of
Cuticura Resolvent Pills, which cost
me a dollar and twenty-five cents in
all, and am very glad I tried them, for
I was completely cured. Walter W.
Paglusch, 297 N. Robey St., Chicago,
Ill., Oct. 8 and 16, 1906."

Average Price for Autos.
The average price paid for automo-
biles used in New York city is \$3,500.

HONEST MEDICINE

TRY DR. WILLIAMS' PINK PILLS
FOR STOMACH TROUBLE.

Convincing Evidence Supported by a
Guarantee That Must Convince
The Most Skeptical.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are a doctor's
prescription, used by an eminent prac-
titioner, and for nearly a generation
known as a reliable household remedy
throughout the United States. Need-
less to say, no advertised medicine could
retain popular favor for so long a period
without having great merit and it is the
invaluable curative properties of the pills
that have made them a standard remedy
in every civilized country in the world.
Added to this is the absolute guarantee
that the pills contain no harmful drug,
opiate, narcotic or stimulant. A recent
evidence of their efficacy is found in the
statement of Mrs. N. B. Whiteley, of
Boxley, Ark., who says:

"I had suffered for a good many years
from stomach trouble. For a long time
I was subject to bad spells of faintness
and lack of breath accompanied by an
indescribable feeling that seemed to
start in my stomach. Whenever I was
a little run-down or over-tired, these
spells would come on. They occurred
frequently but did not last very long.

"I was confined to my bed for ten
weeks one time and the doctor pro-
nounced my trouble chronic inflamma-
tion of the stomach and bowels. Since
that time I have been subject to the
fainting spells and at other times to flut-
tering of the heart and a feeling as
though I was smothering. My general
health was very bad and I was weak and
trembling.

"I had seen Dr. Williams' Pink Pills
mentioned in the newspapers and de-
cided to try them. When I began taking
the pills I was so run-down in strength
that I could hardly do any housework.
Now I could walk ten miles if necessary.
Both my husband and myself think Dr.
Williams' Pink Pills the best medicine
made and we always recommend the
pills to our friends."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills actually make
new blood and give strength and tone to
every part of the body. They have
cured serious disorders of the blood and
nerves, such as rheumatism, sciatica,
anemia, nervousness, headaches, partial
paralysis, locomotor ataxia, St. Vitus'
dance and many forms of weakness in
either sex. They are sold by all drug-
gists or will be sent, postpaid, on receipt
of price, 50 cents per box, six boxes for
\$2.50, by the Dr. Williams' Medicine
Company, Schenectady, N. Y.

SICK HEADACHE

CARTER'S
LITTLE
LIVER
PILLS.

Positively cured by
these Little Pills.
They also relieve Dis-
tress from Dyspepsia,
Indigestion and Too Heav-
y Eating. A perfect rem-
edy for Dizziness, Nausea,
Drowsiness, Bad Taste
in the Mouth, Coated
Tongue, Pain in the Side,
TORMID LIVER. They
regulate the Bowels. Purely Vegetable.

SMALL PILL. SMALL DOSE. SMALL PRICE.

CARTER'S
LITTLE
LIVER
PILLS.

Genuine Must Bear
Fac-Simile Signature

REFUSE SUBSTITUTES.

A Positive
CURE FOR
CATARRH

Ely's Cream Balm

is quickly absorbed.
Gives Relief at Once.

It cleanses, soothes,
heals and protects
the diseased membrane. It cures Catarrh
and drives away a Cold in the Head quickly.
Restores the Senses of Taste and Smell.
Full size 50 cts. at Druggists or by mail;
Trial size 10 cts. by mail.

Ely Brothers, 56 Warren Street, New York.

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GALL SALVE

POSITIVELY HEALS
SORE SHOULDERS

HORSES AND MULES

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Put up in 25c, 50c and \$1.00 Cans

MONEY BACK IF IT FAILS

SECURITY REMEDY CO.

100 BARB WIRE & ALL CUTS

SECURITY ANTISEPTIC HEALER